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Three O D E S.

The ROYAL HERO;

The ROYAL NUPTIALS;

AND

Religion and Liberty Triumphant.

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RELIGION AND LIBERTY TRIUMPHANT.

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The ROYAL HERO;

TO THE

K I N G.

The ROYAL NUPTIALS;

TO THE

Q U E E N.

Religion and Liberty Triumphant;

TO THE

P R I N C E.

By T. SANDERSON, B. A.

Of Emanuel-College, Cambridge.

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Three Old

The Royal Hero

King

The Royal Nurseries

to the

Queen

Religion and Liberty



Prince

By T. SANDERSON

Of Exeter College, Oxford

Cambridge: Printed and Sold by J. W. Parker, at the University Press, in the Strand, London, 1841.



The ROYAL HERO;

TO THE

K I N G.

I.



WAKE my Soul! From *Jove* begin the Song:
To *Jove* and *George* immortal Lays belong.
Olympus' lofty Summit shakes,
And hears the mighty Nod;
The brazen Columns from their Bases quake;
Etherial Thrones obey
The All-commanding Sway,
And prostrate Scepters own the Sovereign God.

II. From

II.

From venerable *Saturn*, peaceful King,
 And beauteous *Rhea*'s warm Embrace,
 In the raw Infancy of callow Years
 (E're yet destructive, glitt'ring Spears
 Thro' Nations scatter'd impious Fears,
 And taught Deceit to human Race,)
 Th' immortal Hero did in finish'd Beauty spring.

III.

In antient *Crete*, round whose resisting Shores
 Old Ocean all his hoary Treasure pours,
 The Infant God first drew *Ethereal Air*:
 Imperial Eagles hov'ring o'er his Cradle fly,
 Cœlestial Glories dart along the Sky,
 Triumphant Peals of Thunder rattle from afar.

IV.

Behold him now in Majesty serene
 His awful Scepter o'er the Earth extend :
Saturnus lives in *Jove's* august Mein,
 And peaceful Glories crown the Land :
 Diffusive Blessings spread their balmy Wings,
 And joyous Plenty thro' the Vally rings.

V.

Silence, ye *Cretan* Bards ! Nor dare profane
 The Glories of *Saturnius'* Reign.
 Thro' the whole Earth your impious Lies are known ;
 Ye say, the Rebel Son usurp'd the Throne,
 And drove the Holy Sire to distant *Latium's* Plains.
 Audacious Tale ! The conscious Muse from far
 Beheld the hoary King ascend a Star :
 The Stars behold the radiant Orb advance,
 With sympathetick Joy renew the Dance,
 And animate the Kindred - Flames with Soul - enchanting
 (Strains.

VI. Thou

VI.

Thou too, all-knowing Queen,
 Beheld'st the Terrors of that glorious Light,
 When Gods and Heroes mingled in the Fight :
 Discord, and Death, and Rage were seen
 To sow Destruction thro' the red Campaign,
 And with sad Heaps of Chiefs untimely slain
 O'erflow the blushing Face of *Oudenarda's* Plain.

VII.

Then was the Soul of *Brunswick* try'd :
 Th' impetuous Youth the rushing War defy'd,
 And all the Battle's sanguine Pride.
 Impatient of the Curb, the furious Steed
 The more impatient Warriour bears
 Thro' flying Deaths and Groves of Spears.
 Down falls the flound'ring Courser on the Plain :
 While Guardian Angels gaping Death restrain,
 And the rash Chieftain half repents th' advent'rous Deed.

VIII. Mine

VIII.

Mine is the glorious Prey, Destruction cries,
 Smil'd hideous her fiery Eyes,
 Exulting pants the Breast :
 The watchful Seraph from on high
 Repels the grinning Enemy,
 And all the sympathetick Saint confest.

IX.

Reserv'd for more auspicious Days,
 Thy Head sublime from dusty Honours raise :
 Transplanted hence to fair *Britannia's* Skies,
 Thy verdant Laurels shall for ever rise ;
 There blossom, with the peaceful Olive mix'd,
 Aspiring Heights on deep Foundations fix'd :
 O may the Muse's humble Ivy creep betwixt !
 Too much belov'd of *Jove* ! What can encrease
 Immortal *George* and *Britain's* Happiness ?

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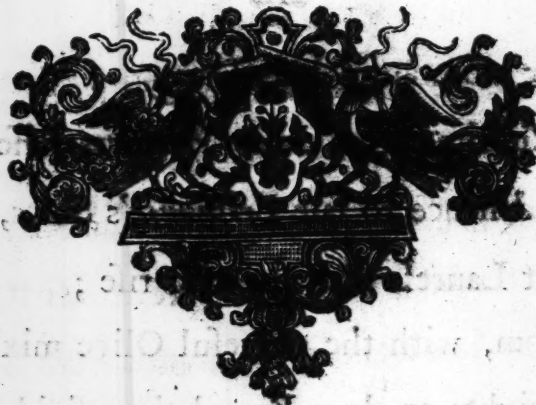
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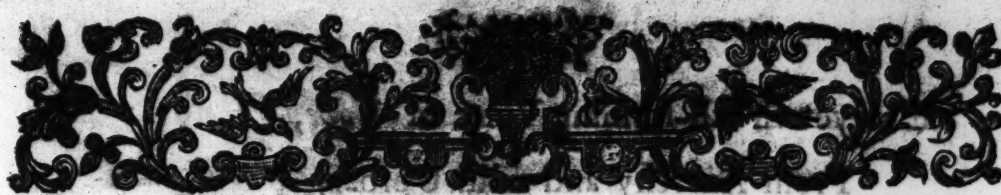
He

He reigns, just Envy of the Thrones divine,
Whose Bed is honour'd with a *Caroline*.

Favour'd Embrace ! The beauteous Fruit of Love
Shall shine hereafter in the Plains above.

Late may He rise, to point the destin'd Place,
The happy *Hesper* of his num'rous Race.





The ROYAL NUPTIALS;

TO THE

QUEEN.

I.



DEEP in *Suffolcia's* dreary Shade,
Beneath a mossy Oak,
The pensive slumbering Swain was laid:
When straight before his wond'ring Sight appear'd,
With Length of Silver Hair, a venerable Bard,
And thus the Youth bespoke -----
The Time is come ----- The glorious Days advance,
Grav'd in the Book of Fate by Hands divine;
E're yet *Ethereal Sol* essay'd to shine;
Before the deep Foundations of the Earth were laid,
Or the bright rolling Orbs above display'd,
Began the mystic Dance:

E're yet th' all-forming Voice of *Jove*,
 From Anarchy and wild Uproar,
 Rear'd high the raging Waves above
 The Cloud-topt Rocks of *Albion's* glitt'ring Shore.

II.

Behold the glorious Tome unfolded lies !
 The Characters in blazing Gold arise,
 And dart intolerable Beams on th' aking Eyes.
Brunswick ! Nassau ! Immortal Names !
 Eternal Union ! Adamantine Band !
 No further cou'd *Saturnius*' Power extend ;
 The finish'd Work the Deity proclaims.

III.

Lo ! from the Battlements of yon *Ethereal* Towers,
 With Joy and Wonder gaze
 The blest celestial Pow'rs :
 Fair Liberty serenely bright,
Victoria, Peace, the Sister-Train,
 With the Illustrious Patriots of their Reign,
 Immortal *George*, and *William's* unresisted Might,

All.

All, all the Worthies of each glorious Line,
 Forego the springing Source of Joys awhile,
 O'er *Britain* shed their Influence divine,
 And on th' eternal Bond teeming with Virtue smile.
 In *Io Hymens* and triumphant Lays,
 The Sons of *Jove*,
 Revolving Orbs, harmonious Stars above,
 Resound the well-accorded Praise,
 And bless the Work of Love.

IV.

Thus in the golden Period of hoary Years,
 When the *Thessalian* Youth clasp'd in his Arms,
 The silver-footed Queen of Coral Bow'rs,
 Effulgent Glory of *Saturnian* Pow'rs,
 And wander'd o'er her Charms;
 Thus sung the Soul-enchanting Spheres:

V.

In fair *Thessalia's* ever-blooming Vales,
 The living Scenes of Joy and balmy Peace,
 Where happy Swains disport at Ease,

And

And teach the list'ning Groves
 To found the Fair,
 On each aspiring Tree inscribe their Loves,
 And waft their Names to Heaven on soft Etesian Gales.

VI.

Where *Pharsalon's* illustrious Turrets rise,
 Project a venerable Shade,
 And downwards dart their Glories to the Skie.
 In fair *Enipeus'* Stream;
 Th' immortal *Hymen* was display'd:
 Each bright *Olympian* Dame
 With her majestic Presence grac'd
 The matchless Glories of the Nuptial Feast:
 The Sister-Wife of thund'ring *Jove*,
 The sharp-ey'd Daughter of his Brain,
 The Queen of ever-smiling Love,
Themis, *Hygeia*, and the winged Boy,
 The honest rosy God, and blooming Joy,
 The modest Graces clos'd the radiant Train.

VII. Sud-

VII.

Sudden, from high, behold the Golden Ball,
 Upon the jovial Beard,
 With whizzing Noise impetuous fall,
 And causeless Jars afford :
To the Fairest be it given.
 Say why, with jealous Rage possess'd,
 Indignant heaves thy Breast,
 Imperial Queen of Heaven?
 Why, with malignant Eyes,
 Kens the all-knowing Maid the Prize?
 Why, with sad Frowns, obscures her graceful Mien
 The Laughter-loving Queen?
 By *Jove* all-just the Judge ordain'd
 The Contest to decide,
 By Threats unmov'd, by Bribes unstain'd,
 The Ball I bold decree to the *All-conquering Bride*.

VIII.

Happy Pair! And lo, the ripen'd Fruits of blooming Love!
 He comes! I see him tow'r on *Phrygia's* Plains;

Dread-

Dreadful he strides ! the Horse-hair nods above ;
 Insufferable Light darts from his beamy Shield ;
 A Length of Jav'lin his Right-Hand sustains :
 His Steps distain around with Floods of Gore the Field.
 Behold ! the Homicide dire *Hector* flies ;
 The Hero swift pursues ;
 Fierce Light'nings brandish from his Eyes ;
 Secure of Victory he marks the Prize,
 At one decisive Stroke, his high Descent displays,
 And all the Hero shews.

IX.

The destin'd Æra's now return !
 Again shall great *Achilles* live ;
 His Soul impatient waits the mighty Birth,
 Once more to succour the long-injur'd Earth,
 Make foul Oppression mourn,
 And Martial Virtue to the waking World retrieve.

The

III.

Behold, afar,
The gleaming Terrors of the Air
Disperst! No more the furious Chiefs advance,
Nor glares the Sword, nor darts the Lance.
No more the fiery Chariots roll on High,
Vanish'd the brooding Clouds, serene the Sky.
But, oh! what Beams of dazzl'ing Light
Pour irresistlefs on my Sight,
And blaze o'er all th' Aerial Abode?
'Tis He! effulgent Glories dart around,
Symphonious Notes and vocal Spheres resound:
Mild *Mercy* wrests the Lightning's Course,
And curbs th' impatient Thunder's Force:
Unutterable Majesty proclaims the God.

IV.

Hark! from above a glorious Voice is heard.
Silence ye Poles, and hear th' almighty Word!

Forbear, audacious Men! to tempt th' Eternal Lord,
 For ever be *Jehovah's* awful Name ador'd :
 Ye Sons of Blood, presume not to profane
 Religion's Cause with Vice's horrid Stain ;
 In vain you strive the impious Deed to hide,
Jehovah doth your empty Schemes deride :
 Nought doth the bloody Sacrament avail ;
 Lighter than Vanity up flew the Scale.
Britannia's Sons the Godhead's Mercies share,
 The Good are always his peculiar Care.
 Thus *Gabriel* spoke ; and Heav'n's eternal God
 Confirm'd the Mandate with th' all-shaking Nod.

V.

Ye too, *Britannia's* Sons, the Lord adore,
 Bless his Salvation, and revere his Pow'r !
 He from the Sun the dusky Clouds repell'd,
 The brooding Tempests, and the Storms reveal'd :
 He gave you to behold the Thunder's Force,
 Redd'ning with Rage, and eager for the Course.

Awake !

Awake! break forth in grateful Songs of Praise,

Eternal Pillars to *Jehovah* raise.

Awake! Your Joys to distant Shores resound,

Your grateful Joys let distant Shores rebound;

To *Jehova's* reverberate the Welkin Round.

Thus *Gabriel* sung: And upwards took his Flight,

Loft in impetuous Deluges of Light.

VI.

What bellying Clouds again the Skies invade,

And a dire Gloom o'er all th' Horizon spread?

Again o'er *Alpine* Hills they wing their Flight,

And steal the Sun from *Albion's* Sight:

They too, alas! from *Britain's* Throne arise,

And spread her Blushes to the Skies.

Silence, my Lyre! nor sing the Tale,

O'er fall'n Majesty draw the Veil;

O not in *Askalon* proclaim,

Let not proud *Gath* be Witness to our Shame!

O bribe the babbling Voice of Fame.

For

For fall'n Majesty let Tears be shed,
 O veil the Errors of th' unhappy Dead,
 And, for the Father's sake, a Curtain o'er his Affes spread.

VII.

Lo! from *Batavia's* Shores afar,
 Appears the bright *Nassovian* Star,
 And o'er *Britannia* sheds his Influence.
 Oppression, Bigotry before him fly;
 Fair Liberty erects her Head on high,
 And from dark Caves comes joyous Innocence:
 Again *Britannia* bids her Thunder roar,
 Proclaims her warlike Rage abroad, and vindicates her Pow'r.

VIII.

Say, conscious Streams of *Sambre* and of *Boyne*,
 Say, as to Ocean's Realms ye flow,
 How, glorious in Arms, stood Great *Nassau*,
 While the Immortals in the Battle join.
 But stop, audacious Muse! nor dare profane
 In low ignoble Strain,

Those



The Nones of *NOVEMBER*:

O R,

Religion and Liberty Triumphant;

TO THE

P R I N C E.

L



WHAT dire Portents thro' all the Skies appear?

Confusion, Death, and War!

Th' advent'rous Champions fierce engage,

Brandish the Sword, and tilt the glitt'ring Spear;

Gleams the Air with ten-fold Rage.

The fiery Chariots roll on high;

O'er the light Clouds the foaming Coursers fly;

C

Long

Long Streams of Lightning flash before,
Pestilence stalks behind, and threat'ning Thunders rore.

II.

Why shakes the Earth? what sudden Dread
Does all around the Hills invade?
What more than mortal Force,
Repels the rolling Torrent's Course?
Say, mighty *Thames*, immortal Sire
Of *British* Floods, why did thy Waves retire,
And all the Secrets of thy Deeps expose?
Why, O ye Mountains, did ye swift forego
Your solid Base, and leap on High,
Light, as the bounding Roe
Does o'er the Lawn before the Hunter fly?
Why dost thou tremble, O my Soul!
Shudders thy Frame, recoils thy Blood, and Thoughts tu-
(multuous roll?)

III. Behold

Those Actions which immortal *Congreve* sung,
 Which grac'd a *Prior's* tuneful Tongue :
 None but the Bird of *Jove* attempts *Hyperions* Ray,
 Basks in the Noon-day Flames, and o'er the Clouds bounds
 (swift away.

IX.

Sing, humble Shell, the Hero just and good,
 With each superiour Grace endu'd,
 Justice confirm'd, no longer thirsting after Blood.
 Place Him aloft on *Britain's* Throne,
 On willing Subjects showing Blessings down,
 His Eye intent on *England's* Laws ;
 While fair Religion, guarded by his Name,
 Her various Looks displays, the Substance still the same,
 And from Variety fresh Vigour draws.
 The Patriot still, in yon *Ætherial* Plains,
 The Cause, on Earth belov'd, by fervent Pray'rs maintain'd.

X. There

X.

There in the Fields of endless Day,
 Sacred Rapture, blooming Joy,
 Mingled with Worthies of exalted Fame,
 Immortal *George*, an Ever-honour'd Name!

Augustus, *Trajan*, *Cato's* Noble Mind,
 And *Brutus*, now from Error quite refin'd,
 He meditates the Good of Human Kind,
 But chiefly Thine, O *Albion*, Thine.

There in the Book of Fate he views

(So dictates the prophetick

A rip'ning Patriot of the *Brunswick* Line;
 His Soul, transported with the vast Design,
 O'erflows in Raptures of Extatick Song,
 Joins in th' exalted Notes the Hero-Throng,
 While thro' the Plain glad Shouts fly gathering all along.



FINIS.

